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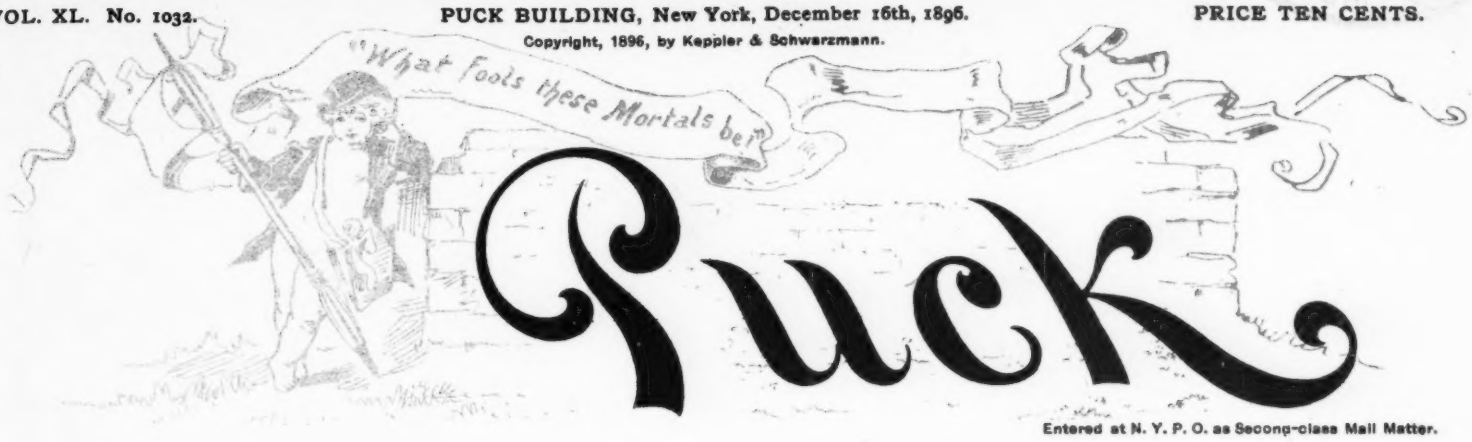

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THEY CAN'T STOP IT!

WHERE THEY MAKE A MISTAKE.

TO ARTISTS who express despair
Of touching Fortune's hem,
We beg to say, things are n't so bad
As they have painted them.

THE TRUE, THE BEAUTIFUL, AND THE GOOD.

THE BISHOP. — I hope your new rector is a man of broad catholicity, who does not despise the day of small things.

PARISHIONER. — He is; why, to-day he even prayed that the poor children of Darkest Africa might at least have snow for Christmas.

IN KENTUCKY.

FIRST CITIZEN. — Yes, it was a bitter feud; but this election put an end to it.

SECOND CITIZEN. — How?

FIRST CITIZEN. — Well, both families divided on the money question, and they 've had no time since to fight about anything else.

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A FAIR SUBSTITUTE.

They have no sleeping-cars in Central Africa, but still one may travel with considerable comfort.

AT THE FOOT-BALL GAME.

HE. — I expected to see more interference?

SHE *(her first experience)*. — Yes, indeed! I think the police should have stopped the game long ago.

HE HAD DOUBTS.

WIFE. — Is not gonfidence restored?

HUSBAND. — Vell, people says it vos, but nopody vill sell *me* except fer cash.

HIS OPINION.

THE SUBURBANITE. — There is some talk of a war with Spain.

HIS WIFE. — Oh! Will the Spaniards come here, John?

THE SUBURBANITE *(bitterly)*. — No; but even if they did, they would n't stay.

HE COMMUNICATES HIS VIEWS.

"War," said the landlady, "is a terrible thing, with its dangers, privations and hardships."

"Huh!" exclaimed the boarder, contemptuously. "Privations! Hardships!"

He glared significantly, but said no more.

TENDER CARE.

"Was he kind to the child?"

"Yes; he nursed it as tenderly as if it had been a government sinecure."

NO CHANGE.

FIRST TRAMP. — Yer see, people 's been hoardin' dere gold.

SECOND TRAMP. — Yes; an' my exper'ence is, dey 's been hoardin' dere nickels an' coppers, too.

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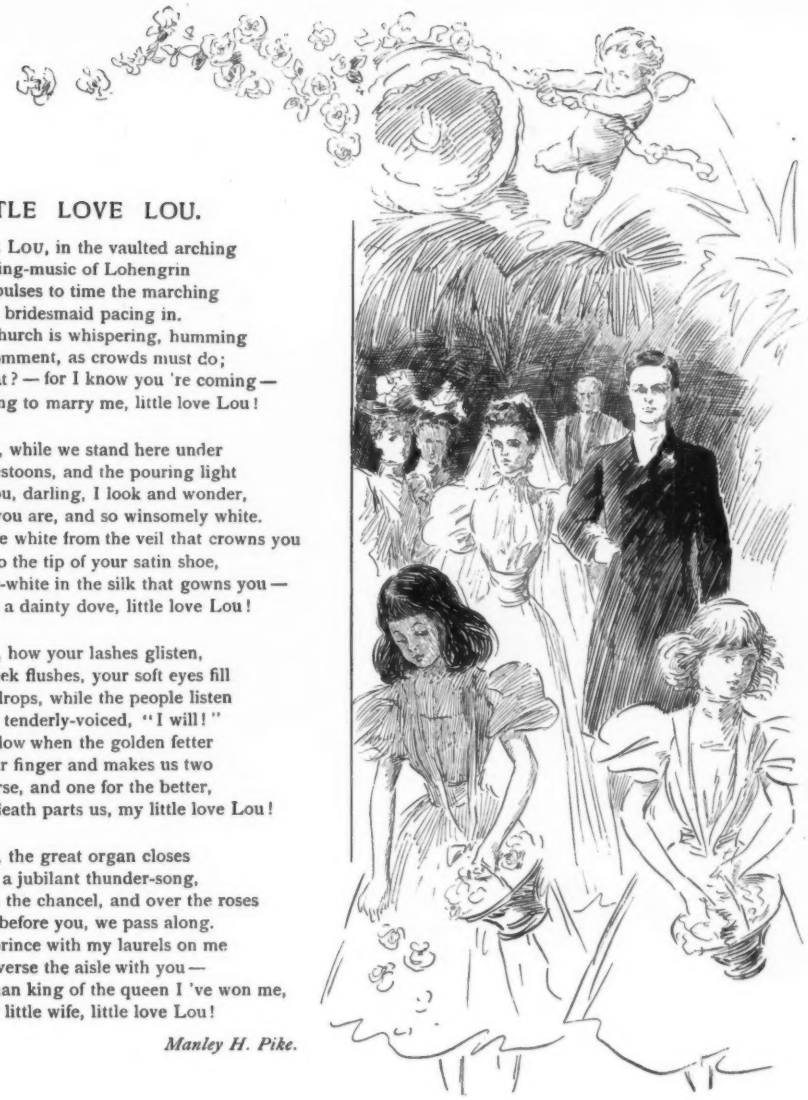
WEYLER'S FAME as a commander rests mainly on his command of the Spanish language.

TWO EXAMPLES.

GRACIE. — Papa, a monologue is when people talk to themselves, is it not?

PAPA. — Yes; or, sometimes, when they talk to their husbands.



LITTLE LOVE LOU.

LITTLE LOVE LOU, in the vaulted arching
The wedding-music of Lohengrin
Resounds and pulses to time the marching
Of usher and bridesmaid pacing in.
The crowded church is whispering, humming
Its curious comment, as crowds must do;
But what of that? — for I know you 're coming —
You 're coming to marry me, little love Lou!

Little love Lou, while we stand here under
The flower-festoons, and the pouring light
Descends on you, darling, I look and wonder,
So winsome you are, and so winsomely white.
Yes, white, pure white from the veil that crowns you
Quite down to the tip of your satin shoe,
All white, snow-white in the silk that gowns you —
All white like a dainty dove, little love Lou!

Little love Lou, how your lashes glisten,
Your soft cheek flushes, your soft eyes fill
With dancing drops, while the people listen
To hear your tenderly-voiced, "I will!"
And how you glow when the golden fetter
Encircles your finger and makes us two
One for the worse, and one for the better,
And one till death parts us, my little love Lou!

Little love Lou, the great organ closes
The rite with a jubilant thunder-song,
And down from the chancel, and over the roses
They scatter before you, we pass along.
A conquering prince with my laurels on me
I feel as I traverse the aisle with you —
Oh! prouder than king of the queen I 've won me,
I lead out my little wife, little love Lou!

Manley H. Pike.

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TWO VIEWS.

HE. — Mrs. Brown is a remarkably candid woman.

SHE. — Why do you think so?

HE. — She admits that her baby is not as pretty as ours.

SHE. — I call that insincerity. A woman who could bring herself to say anything like that is not to be trusted.

A MARKED MAN.

HE. — I heard that the Count incurred the deadly hostility of the Mafia some time ago by violating the rules of the order.

SHE. — What is the Mafia?

HE. — A secret organization designed to regulate the retail price of peanuts.

A CHANGE THAT ALWAYS OCCURS.

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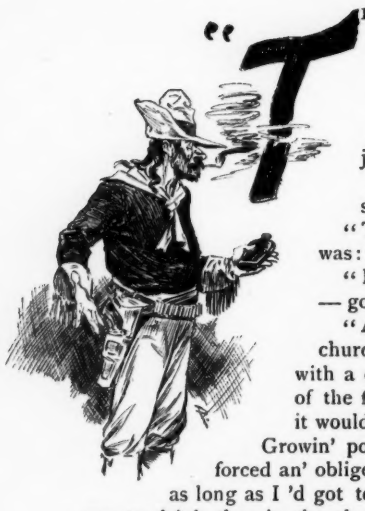
A few years ago a swell young man smoking a cigarette was hailed with derision by the average gang of pipe-smoking corner-loafers.

To-day matters are reversed, and the pipe calls forth howls of derision.

HIS KICK.



"THEM PEOPLE over at Rocket City hain't got no more respect for piety than so many snappin'-turtles!" growled Tarantula Jim, a prominent citizen of Hawville, Oklahoma, who had just returned from a short sojourn in a neighboring settlement. "Socked me into jail over thar last Sunday for bein' pious!"

"Aw, git out!" ejaculated Alkali Ike skeptically.

"They did, for a fact! Tell you what it was: I went to church, full—"

"Huh! You don't call that bein' pious—goin' to church full—do you?"

"Ar-r-r-r! Don't be so swift! I went to church, as I said before, full of reverence an' with a quart flask in my pocket containin' some of the finest licker you ever put into your head—it would have burnt the throat right out of you! Growin' powerful dry an' arid, I was jest nacherally forced an' obliged to irrigate. I thought to myself that, as long as I 'd got to drink, it would be a heap more pious for me to drink thar in the church, under the sound of the gospel, as it were, than to go off somewhurs whur, as likely as not, I 'd be compelled to listen to the ribald remarks of sinful an' Sabbath-breakin' men. Accordin', I wets my whistle in a quiet an' reverential way, an' I 'll burcussed if they did n't have me arrested on the spot an' drug off to jail by the neck! Them people hain't got no more admiration for real piety than a gang of buzz-saws!"

GREEK MEETS GREEK.

"Did n't sitting next to that Boston woman at luncheon make you nervous, Kitty?"

"Pooh! no;—she tried to talk to me of Emerson, but I rattled her off on to foot-ball, and she did n't know a thing about it.

ESSENTIAL.

"Have you looked up the statistics?"

"Yes; and now I 'm looking up the pedigree of the statistics."

A SAFE TIME TO RETURN.

DEWSNAP *(pantingly)*.—I saw a policeman running a few minutes ago and I joined him when, on hailing him, he said there was a fight.

BIRTWHISTLE *(interestedly)*.—Well, was it much of a scrap?

DEWSNAP *(disgustedly)*.—Scrap? I did n't see any fight! After the policeman and I had run along together for about ten minutes for all we were worth, he slowed down and said it ought to be over by that time and that he thought we 'd be safe if we came back.

PERHAPS.

BROWN.—I wonder who originated the idea that it is unlucky to begin anything on Friday?

ROBINSON.—Probably it was some lazy individual who preferred to wait until Saturday.

THE FORTUNES OF LOVE.

MERRITT.—It was your own blame if she fooled you. I warned you that you could believe only half what she said.

DE GARRY.—Well, you can hardly blame me. I just happened to believe the wrong half.

AT THE CLUB.

SCRIBBLER.—Yes, I have written a large number of poems, but I do not propose having them published until after my death.

CHORUS OF FRIENDS *(raising their glasses)*.—Here 's long life to you, Scribbler!

THE ELOCUTIONIST teaches us to speak; but, unfortunately, not when to speak.

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A TOO-EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

ISAACSTEIN.—Rosenbaum say you vas a dead-peat;—he say you neffer intend to pay dot ten tollars you porrowed off him at der Hebrew Fair.

COHENSTEIN.—By chiminy! I haff a goot mind to pay it undt make a liar out off him! Eef it vas only fife tollars I t'ink I vould.

STRICTLY THEOSOPHICAL.

LIMBERJAW *(interrupting speaker)*.—You 're a liar!

PRESIDENT *(of Theosophical meeting)*.—Order! Order! Such language is most untheosophical.

LIMBERJAW.—I withdraw the expression; but I presume I am strictly theosophical in expressing the opinion that the speaker is a reincarnation of Ananias!

REASONABLE.

LAWYER.—I am very sorry, Miss Passay, but the Court of Appeals has reversed the decision in your breach-of-promise suit.

CLIENT.—Goodness! Then I won't get the ten thousand dollars damages, after all?

LAWYER.—Well, we must try the case again.

CLIENT.—Then I just think you ought to get me five thousand more for this new shock to my feelings.

SOME DAY.

THE PEER.—Have you read the morning papers, Chawles?

THE VALET.—Yes, me lud.

THE PEER.—Have they abolished us yet, Chawles?

EVEN TO the man who runs a variety show, life is apt to become monotonous.

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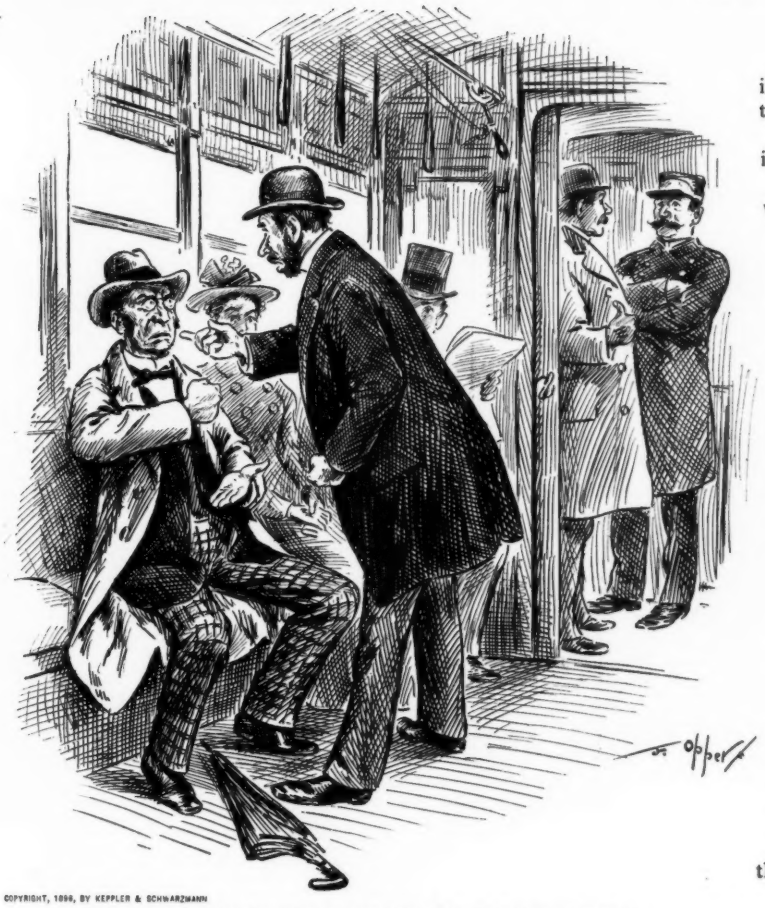
IN THE MUSEUM.

AUNT HETTY *(looking at the Wild Men of Borneo)*.—What a pity we can't send out more missionaries to civilize them critters!

UNCLE JOSH.—I dunno! If them fellers was civilized they might n't be able to git sech a good job.



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THE BROOKLYNITE'S BONE OF CONTENTION.

"What 's the fuss in there?" inquired the New Yorker, interestedly, of the Brooklyn Bridge brakeman, calling attention to two gentlemen squabbling quite heatedly in the next car.

"Oh!" indifferently returned the brakeman; "that 's only two Brooklynites, each insisting that his baby-carriage is the best make."

A PROFESSIONAL CONVERSATION.

"HELLO, BILLY! Shake!"

"Why, hello, Jack! Say, — I ain't met you since we was with that Tom show that went up ag'inst it in Kankakee."

"Sure! That 's right! Ware you be'n hid?"

"Be'n workin' all the time. You out last Summer?"

"Sure thing! Same ol' graft. Be'n out with a Tom show under canvas."

"What 'd you do?"

"Oh! I doubled Marks, an' the Dekin, an' St. Clair, put up a black face in the Heaven tableau, played the tuba in the parade, an' helped git up the big top. Had all the rest the time to myself, exceptin' to keep an eye on the dogs. 'T was a snap!"

"Well, I should say so! Got anything now?"

"Oh, yes! I 'm goin' out playin' dates with my pardner. We 've got a purty stiff knock-about turn. What you doin'?"

"Say, Billy, I got a great act. I was out eatin' fire in the kid show with the great Consolidated, London, Paris and St. Petersburg Syndicate Circus and Allied Shows all season, till the sheriff caught up with us and laid down on the big top out in Xenia, Ohoho; but my new act 's a corker. I 'm out doin' the strong man in a hall show."

"That so? What you call yerself?"

"That 's what catches 'em. I got the swellest name yet. I call myself 'The Marvelous Human Sandow,' an' my act 's the hit o' the show."

Charles Newton Hood.

THE REASON.

GRIMSHAW *(in a tone with ice down its back)*. — There is one room in Hoon's house which his wife never enters, although her husband sometimes sits in it for hours at a time.

ASKINS. — Good gracious! What is the reason she never goes into it? Was a crime committed there, and —

GRIMSHAW. — Not exactly a crime, but Hoon, himself, selected the wall-paper for it.

HARD ON THE OSSIFIED MAN.

THE LIVING SKELETON *(surprised)*. — You look terribly blue, — and, yet, only last week, you married the beautiful Human Centipede!

THE OSSIFIED MAN *(gloomily)*. — I am blue! No sooner are we two happily married than she gets the cycling fad and I have to buy her a sextette bicycle!

AN UNFRIENDLY CRITIC.

LIZ. — Yer would n't wear bloomers, would yer? Well, bloomers is all de style now, an' dat goes!

MAG. — Gwan! Yer only wearin' 'em fer a bluff to make people t'ink yer got a bike!

A MISLEADING ADJECTIVE.

REV. MR. FOURTHLY. — In this letter of introduction, Mr. Clarke, shall I speak of you as a good man?

DEACON CLARKE. — Goodness, no, Elder! — they might think I was a prize-fighter!

AGREED.

MRS. BROWN. — There is something about Mrs. Jones — a certain *je ne sais quoi* —

MRS. SMITH. — Precisely! I noticed that very thing myself.

ON THE FENCE.

BROWN. — Smith is awfully undecided about that new baby of his.

JENKINS. — Undecided about what?

BROWN. — Whether to make him a lawyer or a doctor.

A CAUTION.

THE THIN BURGLAR *(operating in Harlem flat)*. — Be careful, now, Bill.

THE STOUT BURGLAR. — Careful o' what?

THE THIN BURGLAR. — Don't get wedged in between the furniture.

WHEN IGNORANCE is *not* bliss — When the fair recipient of the Christmas present can't find out its price.

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THE ONLY CHANCE.

HIS WIFE *(after the cook left)*. — It is plain that nobody will ever get gray in our service.

THE SUBURBANITE. — You can't tell. People have been known to grow gray in a single night.

IN EXCHANGE.

DEAR SANTA CLAUS: A year ago
You brought a baby t' us, —
Now you can have her back again,
She ain't no sort of use.

She sleeps all day, and cries all night,
I tell you she 's a fake; —
And every time a feller laughs
It 's "*Hush!* the baby 'll wake."

Instead of her I 'd like a pair
Of good high rubber boots,
A sled and skates, a train of cars,
A horn that really *toots*.

J. S.

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AN OPPORTUNITY FOR A HUSTLER.

FIRST LAWYER.—Baggs was on that train when the accident occurred. He showed remarkable presence of mind.

SECOND LAWYER.—How?

FIRST LAWYER.—Within ten minutes after the collision, he had himself retained to bring a dozen damage suits against the company.

RISING TO THE EMERGENCY.

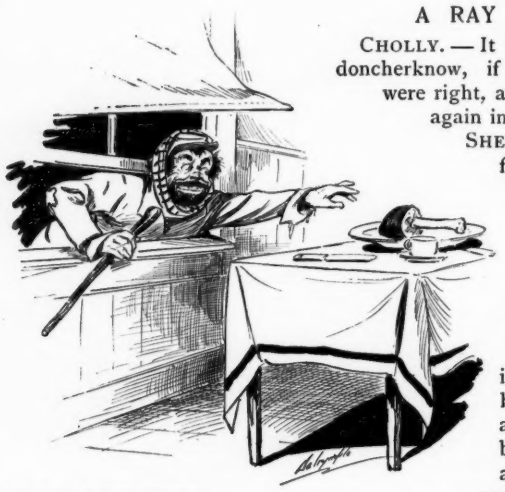
SHE.—When Papa said you could have me if your income were larger, what did you do?

HE.—I struck him for a raise of salary.

A RAY OF HOPE.

CHOLLY.—It would be queer, doncherknow, if the Theosophists were right, and if we came to life again in some other form.

SHE.—Yes, Cholly; some folks might expect better luck next time.



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"WORKING HIS FINGERS TO THE BONE."

A PARTIAL DESCRIPTION.

MANAGER.—What kind of a play is it?

ASSISTANT.—Well, in the first act, the heroine is more sinned against than sinning, but she manages to get away ahead of the game, and when the curtain falls finally, the wicked world is engaged in a hopeless effort to catch up.

TOOK THE QUESTION LITERALLY.

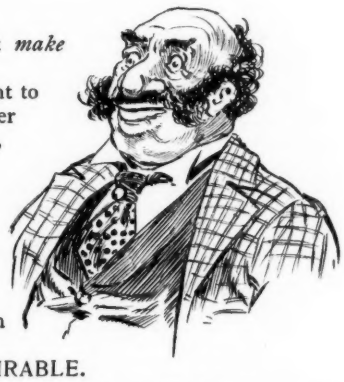
MR. CITILY.—You say that new building lot you own, out in Lonelyville, is fifty feet wide. How deep is it?

MR. ISOLATE *(absently)*.—Deep? Why, when I last saw it, it was only four feet under water!

INDIGNATION.

YOUNG ISAACS.—Vell, I could n't *make* him buy dot suit of clothes.

ISAACS.—You gould n't? You ought to be ashamed of yourselluf! I tell yer vot, if you don't sell dot suit of glothes, you 'll haf to vear it yourselluf!



BY COMPARISON.

"I suppose Gilson feels rather big in his new position?"

"Big? That 's no name for it. Gilson feels bigger than a boarder in a four-room flat."

NOT NECESSARILY MUTUAL.

MOTHER.—My dear, there can be no domestic happiness unless there are mutual concessions.

MARRIED DAUGHTER.—Nonsense, Mother! We could get along very well if Charles would make concessions.

NOT DESIRABLE.

SALESMAN.—This, Madam, would be a handsome Christmas present. It is unique—no other establishment has the article for sale.

CUSTOMER.—Then everybody will know just where I got it and how much it cost.

AN AGREEMENT.

"How dare you?"

"Why, I only took advantage of the privilege of the mistletoe."

"But that 's holly."

"How lucky that I 'm color-blind! Is n't it?"

"We-e-ll, I never felt less like sympathizing with the afflicted."

MONEY MAKES some people lie awake at night, while it renders others recklessly indifferent as to what time they get up in the morning.

AN UNFORTUNATE COURTESY.

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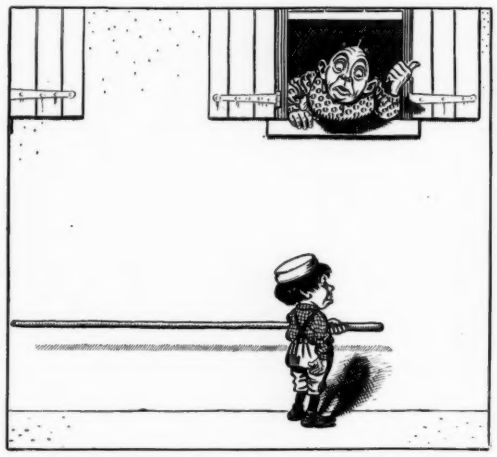

MRS. DUGAN.—Mickey, here comes th' praste;—be sure yez make a most profound bow to his Riverince.

MICKEY.—Good-mawnin', yer Riverince!

A PUZZLING PROBLEM.

"I confess," said the eminent mathematician, "that I am puzzled. I find that a boy with the usual number of legs, each two feet in length, can cover at a single stride, when surprised, a distance of six feet. But how, how?" He ran his fingers through his bald spot, and fell to figuring again, desperately.

"ALL THE world 's a stage," and most of us want to collect the fares.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

CHARITY AT HOME. THOSE ARE very readable stories the newspapers print in the holiday time about dinners that are given to hungry poor people by the charitable associations. The least imaginative of us likes to read of three or four hundred men and women, picturesquely gaunt and tattered, wedged closely in at long tables and gorging themselves with a Thanksgiving or a Christmas dinner. It is interesting to read how they gather several hours before the dinner, and what a grotesque lot they are, and how comical are the fears of some that the whole thing is a practical joke. And after the scramble for places, in which the hungry men show an awkward deference to the hungry women, it is laughable to note how the men, unkempt and cavernous of face, and the women, pallid, wan and poorly nourished, look up and down the tables in a dazed way, as if doubting the tale of their eyes. And when the dinner is under way we learn that some of the guests are very greedy and ill-mannered, and eat with a frenzy as if they expected never to eat again; while others are so overcome by the incredible abundance that they can do little but stare in helpless wonder. Even the dinner becomes a thing of interest to us. We read of the "plates piled high with turkey, cranberry sauce, mashed potatos, slices of the whitest bread, and stalks of the crispest celery," and we feel a sympathetic hunger ourselves if it is not too soon after dinner. And when we read further that "at each plate was either an apple, orange or banana, while cups of steaming coffee completed the bill of fare," we feel that a regal feast has been fittingly crowned, and we become radiant with philanthropy for all the world.

* * *

And we forget that the whole thing is a pitiless mockery, a bitter and sickening tragedy. This once in the year we rush to hang wreaths of plenty upon our skeleton of famine and dance about it merrily. Then we run off to other things, and our offerings fade and fall away. For one Christmas dinner won't last the most saving stomach a whole year. It may — or it may not — be true that these poor have themselves to blame; they may be shiftless or criminal; but, if so, this is an additional reason why they should be looked after before the guileless reprobates beyond the frontiers of Christendom. It is better to make one hungry, lazy and vicious American well-fed, industrious and moral than to acquaint a whole tribe of Africans with the result of John Calvin's dyspepsia. Yet we send vast sums of money and able preachers into savage lands to teach their inhabitants to wear clothes and believe in a hell, frequently in a climate where neither is essential or even appropriate. We do not expect these words to overthrow the system of foreign missions, but we do hope they will appeal to a few of those who are in the habit of giving liberally to the cause of the Heathen, and lead them to put their money where it will do more good. For their own land is a heathen land so long as the announcement of a free dinner at Christmas or any other time results in scenes like those described.

THE SANDWICH IN LAW. IT IS possible that the much-worried question of Sunday liquor selling in this city may be soothed into a settlement in the next hundred years, if the neck-whiskered legislators of Western New York do not grow tired and discouraged. Four of these Solons are, at this writing, trying to find out what ails the present law. The common or garden sandwich is their chief perplexity. The father of the law, a shrewd old agriculturist by the name of Raines, conceived that liquor should not be bought on the Sabbath except by the patrons of hotels with their "meals." He was careful to define a "hotel," but he omitted to define a "meal," concluding, not unnaturally, that the people might be left to settle this point for themselves. But Mr. Raines now finds that the people of this city are too frugal and ascetic in their notions of a meal. For they have almost unanimously decided that a sandwich is meal enough for them of a Sunday. Moreover, they are not strenuous as to the kind of sandwich it shall be; and veracious witnesses affirm that they often neglect to consume even this modest repast, contenting themselves with a careless glance at it between their sips of beer. Whereby it comes that one sandwich not infrequently serves many men as a meal, and yet preserves its symmetry and toothsomeness for a future Sabbath. Sophists may plausibly argue that the individual is the sole rightful judge of what shall suffice his hunger at any time, yet they must concede that one sandwich can not reasonably serve as a meal to a score of men, how ardently soever they may feast their eyes upon it. A reasonable and needed reform in this line, we think, would be to limit the capacity of a sandwich by the simple device of perforating it with a conductor's punch each time it is used; and to decree that it shall be wholly cancelled and retired after it has served ten patrons as a meal. In this way we think the peace and dignity of the State of New York would be more effectually conserved than at present. For, of course, if a sandwich may go on being a meal all its natural life, the law becomes a farce. The line must be drawn somewhere.

THE APPROACHING HOLIDAYS.

The future is the present
At this time of the year,
For now 's the happy season —
The buy and buy is here.

EVEN HE.

JONES. — I have read some reminiscences by Senator Peffer. He makes a curious confession concerning his early life.

JENKINS. — What is it?

JONES. — He admits that at one time he was worried about the result of his efforts to raise a mustache.

TOOK HIM FOR A HOTEL TRUST.

NEW YORKER. — That is a Raines hotel, and there are two others on the next block.

VISITOR. — Great Cæsar! I 've heard of that old man Raines; but I did n't know he owned all the hotels in New York.

A PATRIOTIC PREDICTION.

JONES. — Just suppose the Spanish troops actually landed in New York.

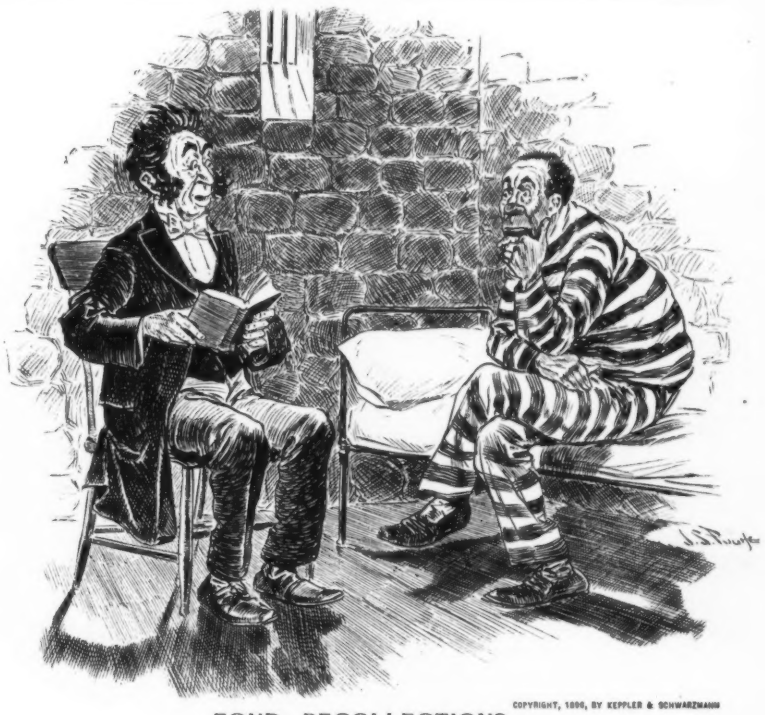
SMITH. — Well, if they did, the police would run them in.

APPROPRIATE.

"Do you think Bryan will go back into the newspaper business?"

"I don't know; but, if he does, he ought to get a job on *The Voice*."

A TEXT FOR the office-seeker: "Many have called, but few were chosen."



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FOND RECOLLECTIONS.

ELDER SINGSONG *(at Sing Sing)*. — Does n't your mind turn with sad regret to other Christmas days spent in other places?

THE PRISONER. — Well, it ain't so pleasant here as it was at Joliet last year, but it 's better 'n it was at Elmira two years ago; — and, say! Snake Hill ain't in it at all!

J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Building N.Y.

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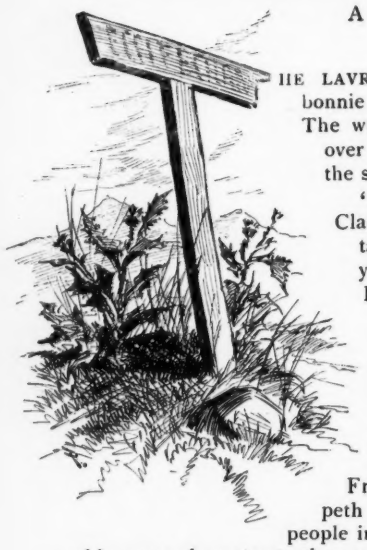
"THE KAISER'S COAT."

AN EDIFYING STATE OF THINGS IN ONE OF THE MOST ENLIGHTENED NATIONS OF THE WORLD.

NOTICE
ALL CIVILIANS MUST BOW BEFORE THOSE WHO WEAR THE KAISER'S COAT.

THE FECKLESS FULE O' ECCLEFECHAN.

A Story of Scottish Character,
by Barrie McIan.



THE LAVROCK mounted high into the lift, and the bonnie burnie went wimpling down the braeside. The wind sighed with an unco sough as it swept over the strath, purple with heather, and ruffled the surface of the loch.

"Hech! hech!" observed old Elspeth McClanarty, as she stood at the door of her cottage, looking towards the manse! "Aweel yon 'll be the new meenister, I 'm thinkin'. Forbye aiblins no siccan a glaiket gomeril."

"Muckle havers dinna pyke out corbies' e'en," sententiously replied Pawky Montcith, the soutar, quoting a Scotch proverb. Pawky's specialty was proverbs.

"Hooly, hooly! mon — but the Auld Licht wudna threep till t' ava," replied Elspeth, as she hirpled ben.

From this observation it will be seen that Elspeth was a character. In fact, nearly all the people in this book are characters. There is probably more character to the acre in Scotland than in any other country. It is the result of an oatmeal diet.

The soutar turned to continue his walk to Strathbogle, sixteen miles distant, where he could save fully two-pence on his weekly purchases. Catching sight of the village constable he looked about for a sod of turf to throw at him. This was a local custom. There were never any crimes committed among these simple-minded people, and if they had not distinguished him from the mass of the community in this fashion, his official function would have been a sinecure.

The missile, however, flew wide of the mark. "Ilka thrawkie spiers a braw spate," muttered Pawky, giving utterance to his disappointment in another homely aphorism.

Suddenly he stood transfixed with the sense of an unwonted dereliction.

"Nae wonder I missed him. Ma conscience! I never asked a blessin' ower the turf!"

And with bowed head, and a frame shaken with emotion, he proceeded on his way.

On the following Sabbath the Rev. Gavan Spleuchan was duly installed at Ecclefechan at a salary of £14 per annum, which was quite enough to provide him with oatmeal. As for new clothes, they, of course, were the event of a lifetime. As a matter of course, there was soon a bitter controversy over his preaching. They had to have *something* to talk about in Ecclefechan.

"The meenister 's no sound," said Janet Kistwhustle, a maiden of forty-three Summers. She was also a character, for she had a new gown every year, to the great scandal of the community.

The rumor spread. It was soon in every one's mouth. If Tammas Gorbie, the village humorist, had only thought of it he could have made the great hit of his life by saying, "No sound? On the contrary, he 's *a*' sound." But, as Tammas never saw a comic paper in his life, this gag was n't familiar to him, and he missed his chance. Humorists in remote Scotch villages labor under great disadvantages.

And so the kirk session met, the elders being in their blacks, to add solemnity to the occasion.

"O' what am I accused?" asked Rev. Gavan Spleuchan.

"Yere no sound," replied Elder Bannocktocher; "ye 're a New Licht, whilk the same is an abomination."

"An' waur — muckle waur," said Elspeth McClanarty. "Did na ye preach a sairmon last Sawbath with seven heads till 't? Aye! seven heads! Maircy on us!"

"An' what o' thon?" queried the incriminated pastor.

"What o' 't? Hech, sirs, has na the Beast o' the Apocalypse seven heads?"

The blow was overwhelming. Rev. Gavan Spleuchan quitted Ecclefechan at once and forever. How severely he felt the shock may be judged from the fact that he did n't even draw the balance of £1. 0. 2½ due for arrears of stipend.

"A wee scunner dings the haill kebbuck," quoted Pawky Monteith.

It may be objected that there is no plot to this simple story. Probably there is n't; but I never worry about that, as my strong point is character. And where can you find any such characters outside of my books?

Phillips Thompson.

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ONLY HER AGENT.

Farmer Jones.— Want a job to-day, Abe?

Abe Hardcase.— Dat 's wot I'se lookin' fer.

Farmer Jones.— Well, I 've got a job for you; — cutting down white oaks over in the swamp.

Abe Hardcase.— Oh! mah wife could n' do dat, nohow; — she 's got roomertiz.

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EMOTION.

She.— The young lady next door has eloped with her music teacher.

He.— It is n't possible!

She.— Why is n't it possible? Do you know the parties?

He.— No; I meant merely that it 's too good to be true.

A DEFINITION.

Little Jean.— Mama, what is a secret?

Mrs. Talkington.— Something you tell, dear.

NO JEALOUSY.

Friend.— I suppose the baby is very much attached to his papa.

Mama.— Extremely. He won't let any one else walk the floor with him at night.

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A WOMAN'S REASON.

WILLY.—And why do they call them Birds of Paradise, Mother?"

MOTHER.—Because their feathers make such heavenly bonnets, I guess.

THE YOUNG LAWYER'S DREAM.

FROM DIGESTS worn and case-reports,
From Blackstone's Commentaries,
From statutes passed in Edward's reign,
In William's and in Mary's;
From ancient rules of common law
As old as Wat, the Tanner,
I fly, when Blackstone cites in proof
The customs of "Dale Manor."

No more do I behold these shelves
Of books, calf-bound and dusty;
On fancy's wings I leave behind
The crabbed lawyers musty.
For, lo! the years have backward rolled,
And in the woodland shady
And through the pleasant fields of Dale
I walk beside My Lady.

The flounces and the furbelows,
The patch which beauty reckoned,
Can not disguise the grace that lives
In time of Charles the Second.
The deep gray eyes My Lady knows
How well to turn on wooers,
Revives my heart, grown somewhat chill
With pleas for evil-doers.

Her red lips form to meet my kiss—
Ah! pleasant occupation!—
For love is much and law is small
In King Charles's restoration.
Could Coke have seen My Lady's hair
Just when the sun shines on it,
He would have burned his Littleton
And learned to write a sonnet.

My fancied life in sunny Dale
I all too soon must sever;
But if a man could live in air
I there would dwell forever.
Enough!—my vision is now done;
I turn from rhyme to reason,
From dreams of love and lady fair
To ouster and disseisin.

Edward Barron.

THE LOVE THAT ENDURETH ALL THINGS—Self-love.

PUCK'S POCKET DICTIONARY.

ECLAT—A word applied to festivities, generally obtained by handing a paper bag of sandwiches to a reporter at the area gates.
DUEL.—Preliminary arrangements to a reconciliation.
RENCOUNTER—A bar-room fight between colonels.
WOMAN—The extinct female ancestress of the lady.
BANQUET—Swiss cheese and crackers sent in to the night force at 1 A. M. by the joint on the corner.
DEMONSTRATION—A street riot by the right party.

PLACING THE BLAME.

ALGY DUSNAP.—You say her father said if she married you he feared she would not be able to live in the way she had been accustomed?

GUSSIE BERTWHISTLE.—Yas; but I told him right out, that it would be his fault if she could n't.

AGAINST HIS WILL.

FIRST WHEELMAN.—Aha! So you 're riding the Bon Ton wheel? I knew you would come to it—

SECOND WHEELMAN.—Oh, don't crow! I lost an election bet, and I *have* to ride this thing for three months.

WHEN OUR faults are pointed out to us we are not inclined to sight along the pointer.

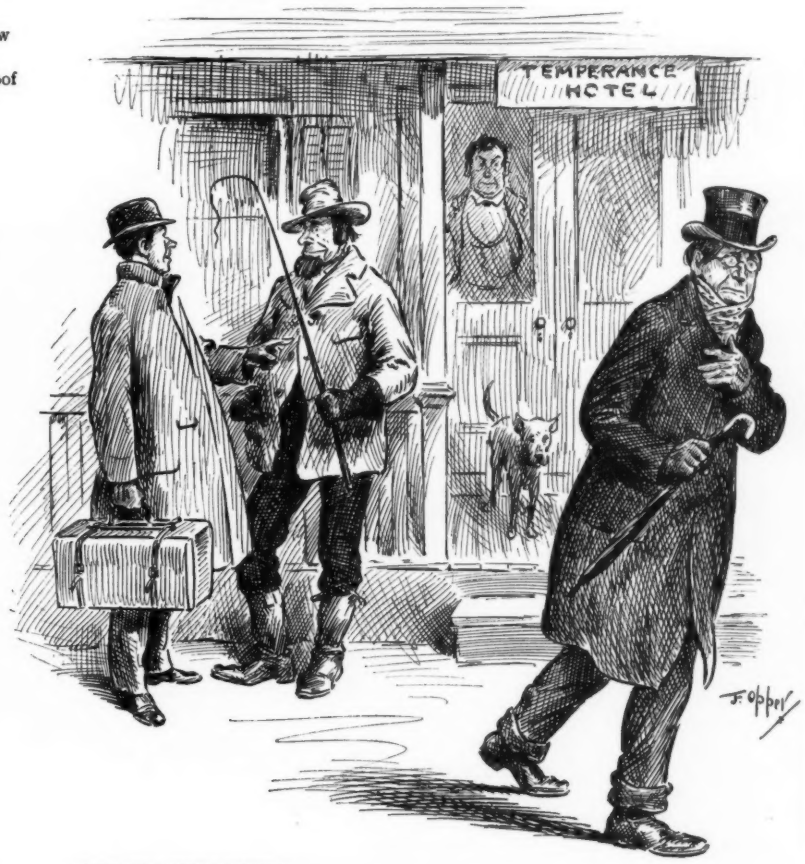
"CHRISTMAS COMES but once a year";
I 'm glad it is n't twice,
For in that case, I muchly fear,
I would n't have the price.

SUSPICIOUS.

WIFIE *(perturbed)*.—Ferdinand, I fear I can not rely thoroughly upon the veracity of our new cook.

HUBBY.—Why, what has caused your suspicion, love?

WIFIE.—Well, when I told her yesterday that someone or something had used my bicycle, she said that if that was so it must have been the cat.



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THE MATTER WITH HIM.

"Who is that exceedingly sad-looking man who just passed by?" inquired the drummer, who was making a brief sojourn in a prohibition town. "And what is the cause of his woe-begone expression?"

"That 's old Waters, the temperance agitator," replied the citizen addressed. "He has a terrible cold in his chest, and now that he has a first-rate excuse for tippling he can't find a drop of liquor in town."

Care of the Hair.

Eminent medical authorities tell us that:

The chief requirement of the hair is cleanliness—thorough shampooing for women once a fortnight, and for men once a week.

And that: The best agents for the purpose are "good," "pure," "mild," "antiseptic" soap and water.

And that: Dandruff should never be neglected, because its natural end is in baldness.

"One possibly important factor in causing baldness is that of contagion. It has been held on good authority that many cases of baldness are parasitic, and due to micro-organisms gathered from unclean brushes and combs."

—*New York Medical Record.*

Packer's Tar Soap admirably meets all the requirements of a hygienic and luxurious shampooing agent. It is pure and mild, lathers freely, cleanses thoroughly, and its antiseptic quality is a safeguard against contagion.

Physicians have been using and recommending this Soap for nearly a quarter of a century for systematic cleansing of the hair and scalp as a means of preserving healthful conditions; and also in treatment of dandruff and baldness.

ISABEL A. MALLON *(Ladies' Home Journal,* September, 1896), says:—

"A visit to a well-known physician and another to a famous hair-dresser, each of whom was asked this question, 'What shall be used for washing the hair when there is an inclination on its part to fall out?' resulted, oddly enough, in the same answer from each. This answer was, 'Use tar soap for washing the hair.' It was said to strengthen the hair, to keep it from falling out, and to be cleansing. It seems to me that when women realize what a thing of beauty a lovely head of hair is, each mother will train the locks of her daughter in the way they should go."

Packer's Tar Soap is unique in its combination of qualities. Its superiority for washing infants and children, and for toilet and bathing purposes, is well known. There is no other soap like it. None "Just as good." Remember the name—

Packer's Tar Soap.

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149—155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S—O—H—M—E—R.

Metropolitan Travelers.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD is patronized by Metropolitan Travelers because they require the *VERY BEST OF EVERYTHING,* and recognize that the

Pennsylvania Railroad

meets, as a public carrier, this demand.

LUXURY, SPEED, SECURITY, COMFORT, RELIABILITY, PRIVACY AND ALL THE MODERN CONVENIENCES OF TRAVEL,

are best obtained on the unequaled Passenger trains of this

GREATEST OF ALL RAILROADS.

When Christmas presents have to be bought,
And you think of what to get,
It will prove to you a happy thought

SIDE VIEW.

"THE BENEDICT"

(TRADE MARK.)

Not to forget.

END VIEW.

BENEDICT BROTHERS, Jewelers,
Broadway & Cortlandt St., New York.
Manufactured for the Trade by
ENOS RICHARDSON & CO.,
23 Maiden Lane, New York.
Send for Circular.

NONE GENUINE but with name
"BENEDICT"
and date of PATENT on them.

Dr. Emmerich's Sanatorium
for the Cure of
NERVOUS DISEASES, OPIUM and other HABITS.
Restraint Without Suffering.
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Send for Dr. Emmerich's Pamphlet:
"The Painless Cure of the Morphium Habit."
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Dr. Emmerich, Managing Physician.

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OF THE
AWARD ON **GILLOTT'S PENS**
AT THE
CHICAGO EXPOSITION.

AWARD: "For excellence of steel used in their manufacture, it being fine grained and elastic; superior workmanship, especially shown by the careful grinding which leaves the pens free from defects. The tempering is excellent and the action of the finished pens perfect."

Approved: JOHN BOYD THACHER,
Chairman Exec. Com. on Awards.

I USE IT.

FULL BEARD OR NEW HAIR. Grown with TURKISH HAIR GROWER, on smooth face or bald head in 3 wks or money refunded. $1,000 forfeit. This is the best, quickest, surest. We warrant every pkge. Price 25c. 3 for 50c, sealed. Avoid dangerous imitations. TREMONT M'FG CO., Station A, Boston, Mass.

"I NEVER thought to find you coming out of a pawnbroker's, Charles Henry."

"Well, Uncle, neither did I; but a pawnbroker is better than my other relatives about some things. He does n't care if I never pay him back."—*Washington Capital.*

No Christmas and New Year's table should be without a bottle of *Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons'* Angostura Bitters, the world renowned appetizer of exquisite flavor. Beware of counterfeits.

A POPULAR GIRL.

MISS DE LAINE.—You seem to be very fond of your friend, Miss Hair. You never tire of kissing her.

MISS DE SILK.—Well, I do not care much for her personally; but did you notice what a sweet little moustache she has?—*New York Weekly.*

"I 'M ALL in the dark about how these bills are to be paid," said Mr. Hardup to his wife.

"Well, Henry," said she, as she pulled out a yellow one and laid it on top of the pile; "you will be if you don't pay that one, for that 's the gas-bill."—*Washington Capital.*

SHE.—Two weeks from to-day we 'll be one.

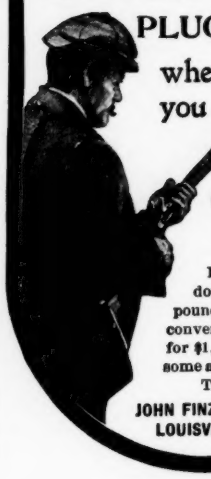
HE.—Well, let 's be happy while we can.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A HOUSE is never in disorder to a man so long as his things are "handy."
—*Atchison Globe.*

Don't forget to take along a supply of

Boot Jack

PLUG TOBACCO



when you go a-hunting.

Choicest chew made.

If your tobacconist doesn't keep it, one pound of Boot Jack in a convenient tin box mailed for $1, and with it a handsome aluminum pocket Tobacco Box.

JOHN FINZER & BROS., LOUISVILLE, KY.

IMPRESSIVE.

"So you were at the opera last night?"

"Yes."

"How were the voices?"

"Excellent! The way those boys rendered 'opera books—books of the opera' left an impression on the audience that will not soon be forgotten."
—*Roxbury Gazette.*

VISITOR.—Poor fellow! What caused him to go insane?

KEEPER.—Trying to think of a name for a new make of bicycle.—*Norristown Herald.*

HE.—Some one told me yesterday that I was a genius.

SHE.—You should n't do that.

HE.—What?

SHE.—Talk to yourself.—*Yale Record.*

IF Bryan goes on the stage he will not go without some theatrical experience. He knows what "a frost" is.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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BICYCLE DEVELOPMENT.—I.

WALKER.—Have you noticed any development since you began riding the bicycle?

For the Postage—A Sample of Famous

Sozodont

FOR THE

TEETH AND BREATH.

A sample of liquid Sozodont by mail, provided you mention this publication and send three cents for postage. Address HALL & RUCKEL, New York City, Proprietors of Sozodont, Sozoderma Soap, Spalding's Glue and other well-known preparations.

A WISH.

JUDGE *(to a couple sentenced for fighting).*—Have you anything to say?

MALE DEFENDANT.—I would like to have my wife commence her term in prison after I am released.—*German Exchange.*

M. Stachelberg & Co's Havana Cigars
EST. 1857.
COSTLIEST BECAUSE BEST

IF YOU'RE A PIPE SMOKER A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE THAT

GOLDEN SCEPTRE

IS PERFECTION

SEND 10cts FOR SAMPLE PACKAGE — PRICES 1lb 1.30; ¼lb 40cts

POSTAGE PAID. CATALOGUE FREE.

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RHEINSTROM BROS.
CINCINNATI
Angostura Bark Bitters

Best of all Cocktail or Tonic Bitters.

5/6 Bottle of this is equivalent to a bottle of the best of the others.

1/2 Bottle is as good as a bottle of most of the others.

For sale by all Leading Jobbers and Retailers.

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LYONS SILKS.

Plain and Brocaded Moiré Antique, Brocaded Metal Effects.

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White Satin, Moiré Antique, Moiré Velouté, White Faille, White Brocades, for Wedding Gowns.

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NEW YORK.

URBANA WINE COMPANY

Gold Seal Champagne

For Sale by
All Leading Wine Dealers and Grocers

Address the Company: URBANA, N. Y.

OLD GOTROX.—You ask for the hand of my daughter. What expectations have you?"

STAYLEIGHT.—Expectations? Well, I hear that you 've got heart disease.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Always patronize the home article. Specially if it 's better. *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne* has no equal.

See that it is there!

This is the trade-mark which is on the wrapper (salmon-colored) of every bottle of the genuine SCOTT'S EMULSION. Be sure this is on the package, and that nothing else is palmed off on you when you ask for it.

Nothing has been made that equals it to give strength and solid flesh to those who are run down or emaciated.

Your doctor will tell you that it is the one food for all those whose weight is below the standard of health.

Put up in 50 cts. and $1.00 sizes, and sold by all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

Annual Sales Over 6,000,000 Boxes!

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Swelling and Distress after meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Costiveness or Constipation, Blotches on the Skin, etc.

The first Dose will give Relief in Twenty Minutes.

Every sufferer will acknowledge them to be a

Wonderful Medicine!

For a

Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver,

they act like magic, arousing with the **Rosebud of Health** *the whole physical energies of the human frame*, and are positively

Without a Rival!

They quickly restore females to complete health, because they promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system. 25 cts. at Drug Stores or post-paid on receipt of price. Address,

B. F. ALLEN CO., 365 Canal St., New York.

Book Free upon application.

LAUGHING CAMERA, 10c.

The latest invention in Cameras. You look through the lens and your stout friends will look like living skeletons your thin friends like Dime Museum fat men, horses like giraffes and in fact everything appears as though you were living in another world. Each camera contains two strong lenses in neatly finished leatherette case. The latest mirth-maker on the market; creates bushels of sport. Catalogue of 1,000 novelties and sample camera 10c., 3 for 25c., 12 for 90c. mailed postpaid. Agents wanted.

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MY! OH MY!!

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Electricity. Mining. Plumbing. Ventilation. Mechanical Drawing. Architectural Drawing. Steam Engineering. Civil Engineering. Mechanics. Architecture. Heating. Prospecting.

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C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.

COOL PROPOSITION.

"My daughter is entirely too young to marry," snorted old Goldrick.

"Well," replied the dejected suitor, "what would you say to my taking her marriage dot now and waiting a few years for the girl?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

SHE.—Was that a through-train you just came in on?

HE.—Yes; but I was afraid it never would be.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

ALLY.—That novel of Thompson's is perfect mush.

SALLY.—Of course. It 's a cereal story.—*Philadelphia Times.*

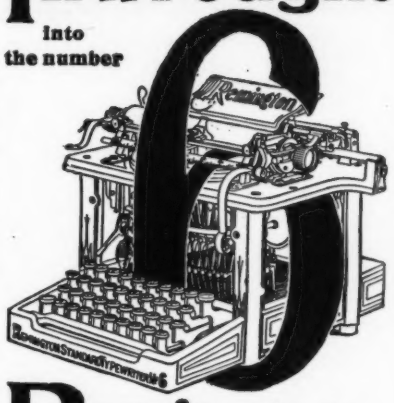
SHE.—I wish to get a deal-table.

CLERK *(briskly).*—Do you mean a card-table?—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A CHATTER-BOX—The Phonograph.—*Texas Siftings.*

Inwrought

into the number



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Standard Typewriter

are certain sterling qualities of Excellent Construction and Reliable Service for which all Remington models have always been famous. LIKEWISE... Scientific Improvements notably increasing its usefulness and durability.

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict

327 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

NO MORE TICK.

"I 've quit selling bicycles on the installment plan," said the dealer to the applicant.

"Why 's that?"

"Our machine is of such a superior quality that we are never able to catch the fellows that owe us."—*Detroit Free Press.*

MRS. SIMPKINS *(sentimentally).*—Oh, how lovely it is in the country at this season of the year! Do you not prefer November to all other months for rural tours?

MR. SIMPKINS *(enthusiastically).*—Yes, indeed! we get board at half rates now.—*New York Weekly.*

THE wages of sin is death, no matter how promptly we pay our pew rent.—*Ram's Horn.*

"How much time some men waste in telling you what they said to somebody else.—*Washington Democrat.*

BICYCLE DEVELOPMENT.—II.

WHEELER.—Yes!

The Brunswick Cigar

SEND MONEY BY REGISTERED MAIL.

HOLIDAY PACKAGES.

PERFECTOS, 12 in a Box, $1.00. BOUQUET EXTRA, 25 in a Box, $2.00.
DELMONICOS, 25 in a Box, $3.00. PRIVATE STOCK, 50 in a Box, $4.00.

JACOB STAHL, Jr., & CO., Makers, New York, and at all our Agencies throughout the U. S.

DUSTY DAWKINS.—What 's yer turnin' back fer, Fraider?

FRAIDER WATERS.—Gosh!—gittin' too near, Watertown, New York.

—*Philadelphia Times.*

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

NERVE TONIC.

HUNTER McGUIRE, M. D., LL.D., *President and Professor of Clinical Surgery, University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va., referring to Spring No. 2, says:* "BUFFALO LITHIA WATER has never failed me as a powerful nervous tonic when I have prescribed it as such, producing a decided calming effect in men and women whose broken-down nervous systems had kept them in perpetual motion, who could not sleep, and who could not rest. It acts as a tonic and alterative."

Sold by Druggists. Pamphlet free. Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.

BROOKLYN OUT-DOOR LIFE.

"An electric car knocked me down and nearly ran over me one day last week."

"Hurt you much?"

"No; fortunately it did not have a fender on it."—*Roxbury Gazette.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetiser, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

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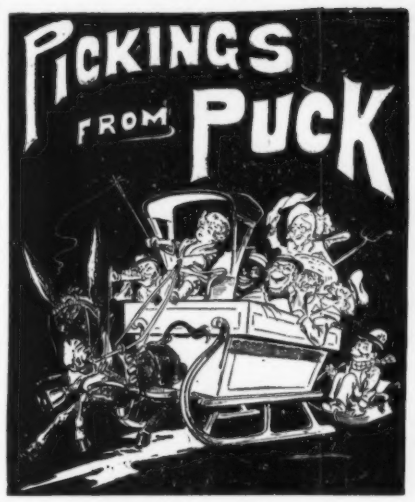


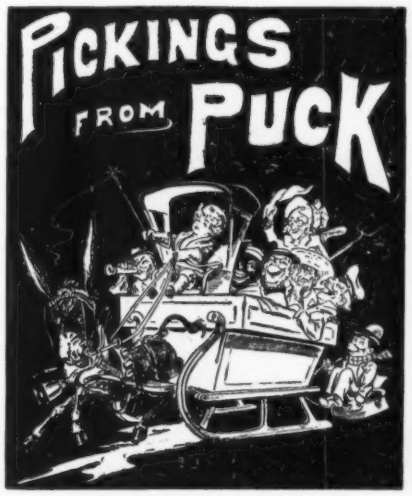
PICKINGS FROM PUCK No. 22, Is the greatest 25 cts. worth ever offered. All dealers.

VEILED THE SCENE.

CUSTOMER.—Say, waiter, who uses those private dining-rooms over there?

WAITER.—They 're for the accommodation of people who 's makin' their first attempt to eat spaghetti.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

JUST OUT:



PICKINGS FROM PUCK No. 22, Is indeed the Greatest Show on Earth for 25 cents.

PROFESSOR.—I called, Madam, to give your daughter lessons on voice culture.

MADAM.—But I did n't engage you.

PROFESSOR.—I know;—but the neighbors did.—*Norristown Herald.*

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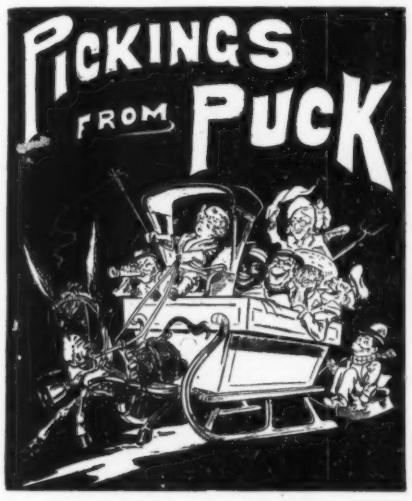


PICKINGS FROM PUCK No. 22, Is a marvel, a revelation—25 cents. No more.

MOURNING HIS LOSS.

"Jumleigh lost an awful lot of money on the election."

"Did he tell you so?"

"No; but when I asked him he told me it was none of my business."—*Roxbury Gazette.*

MR. CUMSO.—This is a very bad report to bring me from school, Tommy.

TOMMY.—I know, Papa; but you said if I 'd bring you a good report you 'd give me a quarter, and I wanted to save you money.—*Detroit Free Press.*

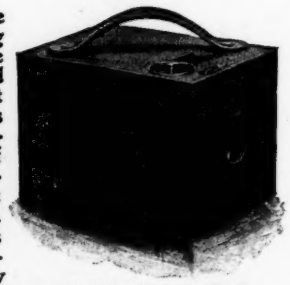
"THESE chickens are Plymouth Rocks."

"Indeed! I thought the fricasseed fowls we had for breakfast must have come over in the Mayflower."—*Washington Capital.*

"DID you ever see a century run?"

"No; but I have seen a century plant."—*Norristown Herald.*

Photography Simplified.



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PAINFULLY PROVINCIAL.

"Uncle Hiram, did you find the New York people intelligent?"

"Wa-al, they knew a heap 'bout New York, but they did n' know a blame thing 'bout the rest o' th' country."—*Detroit Free Press.*

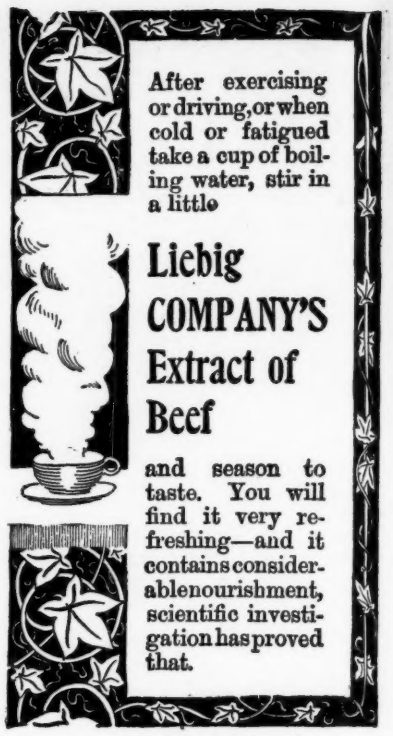
BACON.—In Venezuela they have trees which look exactly like umbrellas.

EGBERT.—I should think they 'd be afraid to leave them out all night, then.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

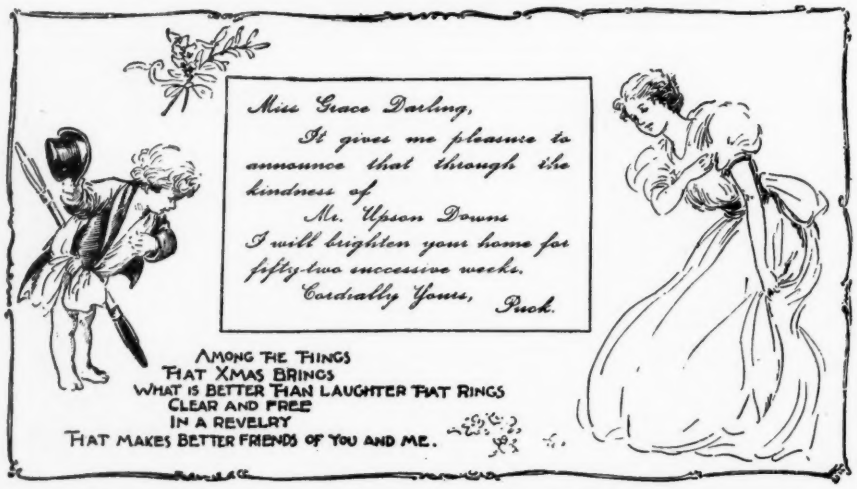
MADGE.—Come, Belle, hurry up and get into this play!

BELLE.—Please wait just one minute;—is my head-guard on straight?—*Harvard Lampoon.*

OUR idea of something awful would be to become a great musician with long hair, and then get bald.—*Atchison Globe.*



PUCK'S CHRISTMAS CARD.



Many of our friends have, no doubt, often thought of a year's subscription to PUCK as

A Suitable Christmas Present,

but have refrained from giving it, owing to the difficulty of making the presentation. The usual plan has been to present a receipted bill from the publishers; but as this is like putting the price-mark on a present, that plan has never been popular. It remained for PUCK to overcome this difficulty. If you desire to present a Subscription to PUCK to anybody, send us Five Dollars, and his (or her) name and address, which will be entered in our Subscription book for one year, and receive from us by return of mail a Card designed by C. J. TAYLOR, of which this sketch gives the design in outline. This card, printed in five colors and gold, is truly a work of art, worthy of a place in an Album, or to be framed, thus being a perpetual reminder of the giver. The names of giver and receiver are *printed* on the card as indicated.

Now, here is something tangible to give; to send by mail to distant dear ones; to put in the stocking, or to lay under the X-mas tree.

Remember, there is no charge for the Card (which, by the way, comes in a fine envelope), nor for the printing in of the names; our only aim is to show our friends a unique way of making a suitable X-mas present. Address: PUCK, NEW YORK.

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FORTIFIED.

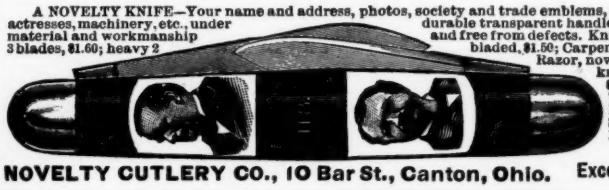
SHE.—Did it hurt much to get der tooth oudt, Isaac?

HE.—Yes; but I shtood it first-rade; I kept t'inkin' how I vos savin' der brice of takin' der gas.

NO-TO-BAC GUARANTEED TOBACCO HABIT **CURE** NO-TO BAC

Over 1,000,000 boxes sold. 300,000 cures prove its power to destroy the desire for tobacco in any form. No-to-bac is the greatest nerve-food in the world. Many gain 10 pounds in 10 days and it never fails to make the weak impotent man strong, vigorous and magnetic. Just try a box. You will be delighted. We expect you to believe what we say, for a cure is absolutely guaranteed by druggists everywhere. Send for our booklet "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away," written guarantee and free sample. Address THE STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago or New York. 123

A NOVELTY KNIFE—Your name and address, photos, society and trade emblems, eminent men and women, actresses, machinery, etc., under durable transparent handles. WARRANTED best of material and workmanship and free from defects. Knife same style as cut, $1.20, 3 blades, $1.60; heavy 2 bladed, $1.50; Carpenter's knife, 3 blades, $2.00. Razor, novelty handle, $3.50. Ladies, knife, 2 blades, 80c, 3 blades $1.25; Boy's knife, 2 blades 75c. Special photos in knife each, 25c extra. Stamp photos $1.00 per 100. Circular for stamp. AGENTS WANTED.



NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 10 Bar St., Canton, Ohio. Excellent Christmas Gifts.

WE never doubt the sincerity of a woman's religion after we have seen her at church with old clothes on.—*Atchison Globe.*

SUE.—I 've been eating onions.

SALLY.—I 'd advise you not to breathe it to any one else.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

OPIUM HABIT AND **DRUNKENNESS** Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

A DISCOVERY.

Long have we sought its other name,
And now at last 't is known;
This thing they call "the trump of fame"
Is but a megaphone.—*Washington Star.*

BUSTEED.—I 've only one friend in the world, and that 's my dog.

CRIMSONBEAK.—Well, I thought it must be some one you never borrowed a dollar from.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE DROP IN POSITION

DEAFNESS and Head Noises relieved by using Wilson's Common-Sense Ear Drums. New scientific invention; different from all other devices. The only safe, simple, comfortable and invisible Ear Drum in the world. Helps where medical skill fails. No wire or string attachment. Write for pamphlet.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Offices: 220 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky. 1122 Broadway, Room 236, N. Y.

"A STITCH in time saves nine;" but how about one in the side?—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Now Ready: PUCK'S QUARTERLY, No. 3. 25 Cents.

READE.—Did you send that story, "The Family Cat," to the paper?

PENMAN.—Yes; but, of course, it came back.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

AS WE go to press another European war is being narrowly averted.—*West Union Gazette.*

Morning, Noon and Night, Splendid Trains to Chicago — via NEW YORK CENTRAL.

No. 4711 ESSENCE OF RHINE VIOLETS

HAS ALL THE TRUE ODOR OF FRESH, NATURAL VIOLETS

WONDERFULLY DELICATE AND REFRESHING. GET THE GENUINE.

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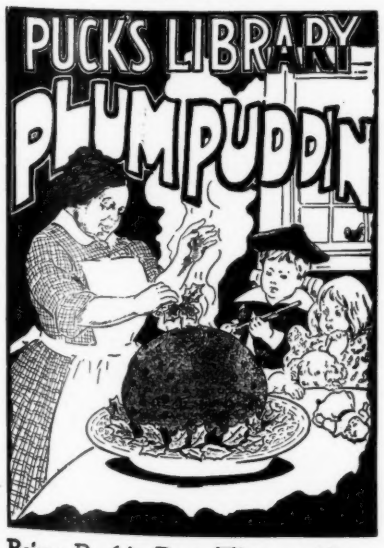

Being Puck's Best Things About Cold Weather Comforts.

THE January number of *McClure's Magazine* has a very readable four-page article upon American waters. There never was any apparent reason why we should import waters to drink when we have as good or better native waters. Considerable space is given to Londonderry, which is, of course, the representative American table water.

WE begin mining our potatos this week. —*West Union Gazette.*

HUNTER Baltimore Rye

The American Gentleman's WHISKEY.

FOR CLUB, FAMILY AND MEDICINAL USE.

10 YEARS OLD.

THE BEST WHISKEY IN AMERICA

Endorsed by Leading Physicians when stimulant is prescribed.

"Drink HUNTER RYE. It is pure."

Pure, Old, Mellow.

SOLD AT ALL

First-class Cafes and by Jobbers.

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

"HEARD you were in a fight the other night, Mose."

"Dat 's de truf, boss. Don't Ise look as ef I wuz in a fight?"

"Well, you do look rather rough. Why did n't you quit? Didn't you know when you had enough?"

"Yes, I knowed all right 'nuff. It wuz the other fellow who did n't know when I had 'nuff." — *Norristown Herald.*

"WHAT would you call the sound produced when two bodies come together?" asked the teacher, who was trying to explain what a noise is to her pupils.

"Oh! a kiss, Ma'am," replied the little girl, who evidently had older sisters.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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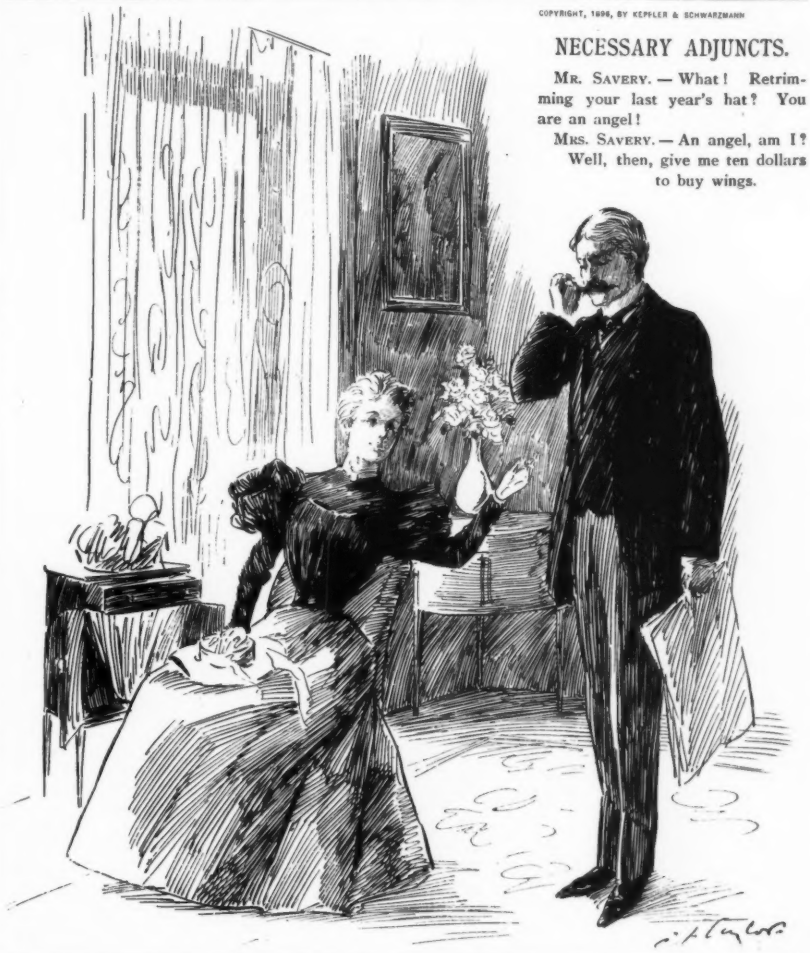

NECESSARY ADJUNCTS.

MR. SAVERY. — What! Retrimming your last year's hat? You are an angel!

MRS. SAVERY. — An angel, am I? Well, then, give me ten dollars to buy wings.

4 DAYS TO CALIFORNIA. THE ITALY OF AMERICA.

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A LUXURIOUS HOTEL ON WHEELS. LADIES COMPARTMENT CAR DINING CAR

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DEBATTS. — How do you pronounce the word "Oleomargarine?"

HOTEL WAITER.— I pronounce it butter or I 'd lose my job.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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WHEN a boy sees a sign, "Take One," he takes two.—*Atchison Globe.*

IF YOU have a rash, don't be rash and go through life with it. JOHN H. WOODBURY, 127 West 42d St., N. Y., cures rashes and eruptions. Use Woodbury's Facial Soap. Book sent for 2-cent stamp.

JOB may have been patient, but he never tried to start a lawn.—*Washington Democrat.*

CHRISTMAS.

The charm of the Christmas idea, with all its traditions, appeals to everyone. The holiday has become what we call an "institution" in this country. It means a Christmas tree. It means a general feast; open doors; hospitality; good feeling; a day of frank and friendly amusement; old friends come together; old scores of neglect and coldness are wiped out; and its good influence lasts far into the coming time. We have made this chief anniversary of all the year a graceful excuse for an interchange of gifts. And of all the useful and beautiful presents that are given, what is there to compare with a good piano? No home is complete without one. Standing in the front rank of the best instruments made in all the world is the Sohmer. It is the equal of the best, and inferior to none.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

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Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Equipments for Bands and Drum Corps. Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine Catalog, 400 Illustrations, *mailed free*; it gives Band Music & Instructions for Amateur Bands. LYON & HEALY, 201 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

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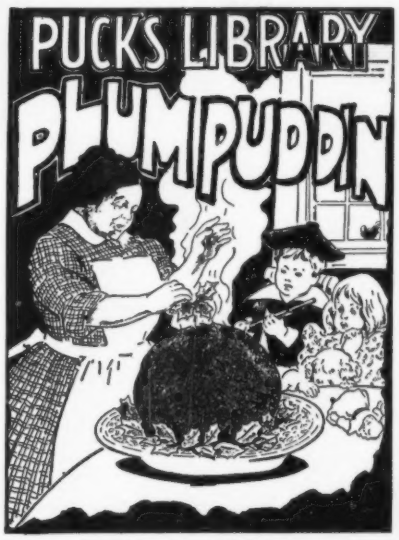
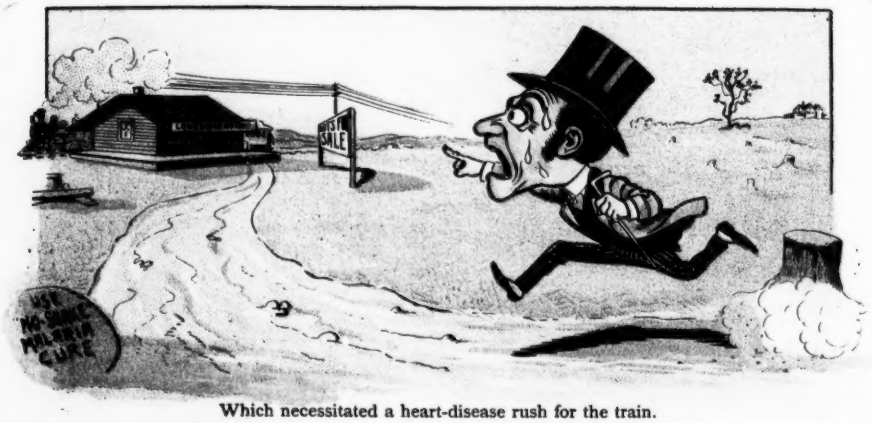


Being Puck's Best Things About Cold Weather Comforts.

When Subbubs first moved from the city to the suburbs he allowed himself thirty minutes for the walk to the train. He enjoyed the exercise and gave himself plenty of time.



Which necessitated a heart-disease rush for the train.

It soon became the old, old story of allowing himself hardly time to make it, even on his bicycle, and then another series of half-swallowed breakfasts and a life-risking scorch to the station.

But he soon fell into the Suburbanite's usual habit of oversleeping himself and had to take his breakfast on the fly—

Then it was that he bought a bicycle, and, being able to cover the distance in one-third the time, he again ate his breakfast in a civilized manner.

But Subbubs soon became an expert rider, and by a little contrivance of his own can get up at the latest possible moment and yet have plenty of time to eat his breakfast. The servant following brings back the dishes.

FOUND AT LAST; OR, HOW SUBBUBS LOWERED THE TIME FROM BED TO TRAIN.

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